Haunted Prison by BCI603

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Summary: Mike, Lucas, Will and Dustin go to a Haunted House (or Prison, if you will) on Friday the 13th, where they meet two very... interesting women. A meet cute? Pretty much. Someone gets punched? Definitely. Are stitches involved at any point? You better believe it. Wimpy boys? Uh huh. Did I listen to creepy ass music whilst writing this? Ya damn right I did.

1. One

Okay so I did a little bit of research about the place they've gone to, and apparently in 1995 a man named Paul- who owned a farm- created a haunted hay ride with many different scary *scenes* but eventually had to shut it down because it was dangerous. But he had an old abandoned building of sorts on his land and ended up creating what is now called Statesville Haunted Prison in 1996. Even though it's 1995 in this, I'm gonna pretend the actual prison was already open- along with the haunted hayride to actually get to the prison. A few of the monsters or people in this is based off of what I read in the article, and a good bit are what I added. (Along with a few other things that I don't think were ever there)

Friday, October 13, 1995

"Dustin, I literally hate you." Lucas grumbled. "And you and you." He pointed at Mike and Will.

"We didn't do anything." Mike said defensively.

"We don't even know what he's got planned for tonight." Will added. Lucas stared at them for a second, and then looked at Dustin, who had a shit eating grin on his face.

"Don't tell them, Lucas. The secret is ours." Dustin told him. He smiled brightly in Mike and Will's direction. "Are we all ready to go? Do we all have jackets just in case? Our money? ID's in case we want to get wasted after this?"

"Dustin, what are you planning?" Mike asked warningly. Dustin shrugged innocently.

"It's not as bad as you think, Michael, now put your big boy shoes on and let's go!

"You're kidding me." Mike said, perking up a little bit. "We are not

literally here." He looked at Dustin, who nodded with a grin. He looked back at Lucas who looked a little sick, and Will, whose eyes were wide and staring at the flashing lights. "How?"

"Well…" Dustin chuckled. "Steve works out here now."

"No shit!" Mike said, looking at him, surprised. "He does?"

"Mhm, so we need to be on the lookout for a bloody guy with giant hair. Also, he got us these tickets."

"So we don't need to pay a shit ton of money?" Lucas asked. "Because that's the scariest part about this place."

"Nope! He's got it all covered. But if Mike punches someone on accident he pays for his."

"Fuck off." Mike grumbled. "You know I hate clowns."

"I'm aware. Good luck tonight." Dustin wiggled his eyebrows.

"I thought this place was gonna be closed tonight?" Will said, confused. "Since it's Friday the thirteenth."

"They decided to open it up to only a number of people, since a *shit ton* would come tonight." Dustin explained. "Only groups of fifteen can go at a time, when we get in there, we'll get our group name."

"Can we go now?" Mike asked, excited. Dustin snorted and Will chuckled. Lucas let out a tiny noise that sounded a little like no, and they set off towards the crowd of people.

"This is the scariest thing out here." Will said. "There's *so* many people." He eyed the long line.

"That's exactly why we go to the VIP line, where there is literally no one." Dustin pointed it out, the line to the right of the main one. It had a giant sign with VIP in neon lights and an arrow pointing down.

"Wow, wherever do we go? I don't see the VIP line." Lucas deadpanned.

"It's right over there, bro." Some guy walking by said. "It's that giant ass sign." The other three snickered and Lucas huffed.

"Sarcasm, *bro*." He muttered. "Yeah, thanks man. I totally didn't see it."

"No problem." The guy gave him a little salute and walked off. Dustin busted out laughing.

"You should've seen your face. That was funny as hell."

"Let's see if you're laughing in a pitch black maze, where no one will hear you scream." Someone whispered in Dustin's ear. He let out a shriek and the masked figure walked away from him. The others jumped slightly at the shriek and Mike laughed. There was a tap on his left shoulder and he looked to the right, grinning slyly at the shorter person in a goblin mask.

"Nah, I'm not scared easily." He said smoothly. The goblin cackled and creepily walked back into the trees.

"Can we go?" Lucas asked.

"No, come on, let's go in." Dustin said, walking away.

"That's literally what I mea- you know what, never mind." Lucas sighed and followed. Will rolled his eyes and he and Mike joined them. They reached the line and a lady with a bright blue wig on and red contacts said brightly,

"Hello there, welcome to the scariest, most haunted place in Chicago! There are goblins, ghouls, *ghosts*, mythical creatures and everything you can think of to scare you out of your wits! Who are you here with, if I may ask?"

"Steve Harrington." Dustin said, just as brightly. She gave him a wink and flicked through a small notebook.

"Dustin Henderson, Mike Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, and Will Byers?" They nodded. "Can I see some ID just to be sure?" They showed them to her. "Thank you! You are free to head in. If you need to go out to your car for any reason and come back in, always come to this line,

don't try to sneak in like some teenagers. I never forget a face." She smiled creepily this time. "Are you ready for your hayride?" She asked. Dustin nodded. She started fiddling with something, and suddenly she was handing them each a pink piece of paper. "This is your group name. You and eleven others will be with you on your hayride. When you hear the name called, you will walk down the trail through the trees and you'll find what you're looking for. Have a *spooky time*!"

She opened the gate and they walked through.

"Fuck me." Mike groaned, looking at the name on the paper. Dustin finally looked at the name and cackled.

"This is gonna be the best night ever." He said.

"Pennywise is out to get you, dude." Lucas said, nudging Mike as the taller man stared at the dreaded clowns name.

"I might as well get my wallet ready then." He sighed. Even Will laughed at that, and they made their way towards the crowd of people standing in front of a wooden house with a balcony, where someone was dancing to some song about sex or something.

"Dustin, you should get up there and dance with that chick." Lucas nudged him.

"I don't feel like getting kicked out already, dude." Dustin retorted.

"You do know you kind of just told Dustin that he was sexy, right?" Will asked. Lucas' grin fell and Dustin cackled again. Mike snorted and shook his head at them. They were waiting for about ten minutes before a booming voice called out,

"PENNYWISE!" Mike jumped the slightest bit, and only Will caught it. Mike gave him a look and Will just grinned. They were at the front of the line and met up with a tall man, just barely shorter than Mike.

"Hm, you've gotten tall, kid." He said, and didn't say another word until everyone was in a line. Mike looked at the others who looked at him weird. Half of the man's face was covered by the shadow of his hat, the rest by a beard. "I see one lady in this entire group." He

boomed. "Please come up here, young lady." The girl stepped out of the line and almost sheepishly walked forward. She was very short in comparison to all the men in the group. "Are you brave enough to stand in the front? That is, if you fine boys don't mind?" He and the girl looked at them, and Mike was taken aback by her eyes- they shined in the darkness. He swallowed and shook his head.

"That's fine." Will said. She gave them a small smile and stood at the front. Mike looked at the man, who seemed to be staring at him. It was dead silent for at least ten seconds before he flicked on a flashlight and pointed it towards the trail.

"This is your only light for the next half mile. This and the moonlight. Don't step off the trail, there's no telling what's out there." He promptly turned and began walking the trail.

"This guy sounds familiar." Will whispered to Mike, who nodded in agreement.

"He's creeping me out." Dustin said. "Mike, you go in front of us." He said, grabbing him by the shirt and pulling him until he was right behind the girl.

"Wuss." Mike mumbled.

"Look, I'm literally a foot shorter than you, could you slow down?" The girl called to the man, who stopped and waited for everyone to catch up.

"Sorry, young lady. You oughta know it's a habit by now." He tipped his hat slightly and she let out a tiny huff. Mike chuckled quietly.

After walking for fifteen minutes, talking to each other quietly, there were headlights off in the distance.

"Stop!" The man yelled, and everyone stopped suddenly. Mike bumped into the girl, apologizing quietly before turning to the man. "First off, I forgot to introduce myself. You can call me Chief, and only Chief. Second-" He paused, looking around. "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" Someone at the back yelled.

"You didn't hear that branch snap?" He asked, tilting his head to the back. All they heard was silence, and then leaves rustling. All of a sudden, a dark figure jumped down from a low branch, right in front of El and she screamed, turning and grabbing onto Mike, who swore and backed up a little. At El's scream, there was another girlish scream, whereas Mike and Dustin busted out laughing.

"Max! I hate you!" The girl exclaimed, still not letting go of Mike. Max laughed, shrugging.

"Looks like you've got a tight grip on that guy." Max said, pulling the mask off, revealing a red haired girl with long, wavy hair. The other girl blushed and let Mike go, apologizing.

"It's okay." He told her. She gave him another smile- and God her smile. When he first saw her he didn't really pay her any mind, but now… he realized she was beautiful and he could barely see her.

"Now, please tell me that other scream was an actual girl and not one of these *men*." Max said, crossing her arms and raising a brow.

"I'm the only girl." She said meekly. "It was a guy."

"It was this guy right here!" Dustin said, cackling as Lucas went to punch him.

"Nope, no punching tonight." Mike said.

"I bet that's not easy for you to say, huh, Wheeler?" Lucas retorted.

"Didn't say anything about tomorrow." Mike replied, shrugging and turning back to face the front.

"Can we go?" Some other guy yelled. Chief waved him off and motioned for them to follow. Only a couple minutes later, they reached the hayride, which was a tractor with a long trailer connected to it and hay to sit on. The bright eyed girl and Max walked together, Mike figured they were friends.

"There may be a few… prisoners trying to make a run for it, we've got to round 'em up." Chief said, walking onto the trailer. Everyone followed behind him and he sat right at the front on a single seat.

Mike, Lucas, Will and Dustin sat on the left of him, and Max and the girl sat across from them. Five minutes into the ride, Max stood up.

"Wait- Max, what are you doing?" Bright eyes asked, making grabby hands for her friend to make her sit back down.

"See if you can find me again before I find you." She said, grinning and pulling her mask back on, before jumping off the trailer and running ahead, going a lot faster than the tractor.

"Either she's really fast or this tractor is slow as fuck." Lucas said, watching until Max was completely out of sight. Bright eyes shrugged.

"She was the fastest in track." She said. "She also calls herself Zoomer, so…"

"Speaking of what people call themselves." Dustin butted in, "What's your name?"

"El." She replied.

"Like the letter?" Will asked. She snorted and shook her head.

"It's E-L. Short for Eleanor. What are your names?"

"Dustin."

"Will."

"Lucas." Mike didn't say anything, he was staring at something somewhere behind El. "Dude." Lucas nudged him. Mike blinked.

"What?"

"El just asked what our names were." Will told him.

"L? Like the letter?" El laughed.

"Were you undressing her with your eyes, Wheeler?" Dustin asked, wiggling his eyebrows.

"No!" Mike reached over and smacked him. "I just… there was

something in the woods."

"It's probably Pennywise coming to get your ass." Dustin muttered, rubbing his head.

"Fuck off." Mike hissed. He turned to El. "Uh, I'm Mike."

"El." She smiled at him. "E-L."

"Oh, makes sense." He nodded and she chuckled.

Suddenly, the tractor stopped and everyone quieted down. Everyone tried looking ahead but they couldn't see well.

"Chief! I've got one!" A man yelled suddenly, walking around to the back of a trailer. A man in a bright orange jumpsuit had on handcuffs and was making a… growling noise?

"Bring him up." Chief said. The police officer brought the prisoner onto the trailer and forced him down next to the Chief, closest to Mike. "Keep looking for more." The officer nodded and ran off into the darkness. Mike stared at the prisoner.

"That's not medically correct." He said, gesturing to the face. The prisoner had a giant gash starting at it's earlobe and down to the middle of it's chin. "If that was real the skin would probably be flapping around on your jaw and spraying blood everywhere."

"Dude what the fuck." The prisoner said. "Just because you're gonna be a doctor doesn't mean you have to correct non professional makeup artists work."

"Hey Steve!" Dustin shrieked. "What happened to your face?"

"Did Jason get you?" El asked, tilting her head to the side. Steve leaned forward to look at her, resting his head on Mike's knee.

"He might've."

"Get off me." Mike grumbled, nudging his head. "Ew, you got fake blood all over my pants."

"I'm already paying for you little shits, I'm not buying you new jeans."

"I'll give you a real gash in a minute."

"Guess you'll just have to stitch it back up for me, eh?" Mike rolled his eyes.

"At a price." Mike replied.

"That was creepy. Don't do that again." Lucas said. Mike gave him a look and El chuckled.

"You make that face a lot." She said.

"He's got a lot more… interesting faces." Dustin told her. "We annoy the shit out of him constantly, just to see what face he makes next." Mike rolled his eyes.

"Look, there's a clown!" Steve yelled and Mike actually hit him when he jumped. With a loud laugh, Steve jumped off and ran into the woods.

"I fucking hate Steve." Mike grumbled, flipping him off.

2. Two

LMAO HELLO IT'S BEEN A LIL OVER YEAR

THAT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN I'M SORRY

In all honesty though, I do apologize for this literally never being updated. I've had half of the chapter written this entire time, and another half I just didn't like so I never posted, but I rewrote the other half, so we're all good.

Spoiler alert, the Chief is *not* Hopper :D

Hope you enjoy!

P.S. if you wanna go back and read the first chapter, I corrected a few things :D

The next time they stopped, it was at what looked like an old ghost town. Before anything happened, Will and Lucas switched sides with El, and she sat on one side of Mike, and Dustin on the other. The two were tired of Mike and Dustin arguing over their heads.

It began to get foggy and everyone looked around, waiting for something to jump out at them.

BOOM!

Figures in dark clothes jumped from the trees, landing on the wooden sides of the trailer. Eerie music began to play, growing louder and louder, the fog thickened, lights flashed.

A loud scream echoed throughout the town and a few on the trailer screamed. A girl with a pale, bloody face and bloody dress slowly walked down the middle of the trailer, hands lifted just barely over their heads, Mike could almost feel the soft touch as she passed him.

The figures on the sides of the trailer cackled and jumped from one place to another, running up and down the sides, and then the middle once the girl sat next to Chief.

People ran from building to building, stopping behind someone on the trailer to scream in their ear.

"It's scary what a smile can hide…" she said, her voice quiet, but loud, smiling creepily. "Enjoy your ride." she walked back down the middle, faster this time, and carefully jumped off. She turned around as the tractor began to pull the trailer away, waving with one hand.

"That's not creepy at all." El said, rubbing her hands up and down her thighs.

"You okay?" Mike asked. She looked at him and nodded.

"Yeah, yeah, I just haven't been on the hayride itself. I've been to the prison and a few other things here, but my dad drove me on his ATV. I'm a bit nervous."

"Ah okay." Mike nodded. "There is one part I'm dreading, and I know it's coming."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Um. Clowns." he muttered.

"Is that why you jumped when Chief yelled Pennywise?" she asked. He nodded, blush rising on his cheeks. "It's okay, everyone's scared of something. I'm not too fond of clowns either."

"Mike had a traumatic experience with clowns as a child." Dustin told her.

"Fuck off, Dustin." Mike grumbled.

"He got locked in a room full of clown manikins at the carnival for like three hours and when he was finally found he was hyperventilating so bad he had to go to the hospital."

"Shut *up* dickhead!" Mike shoved him and Dustin laughed.

"That's horrible!" El said, eyebrows furrowed. "That's not something to laugh about, Dustin."

"I know but the way he acts now is what's funny." she rolled her eyes and looked at Mike.

"I don't blame you for being scared, I'd be terrified too!" she reassured him.

"Still embarrassing." he said, shrugging.

"Well I'm afraid of any bug known to man." she said. "And I didn't even have a traumatic experience. If a ladybug were to land on me right now I'd jump off this damn ride, and if it were a wasp? I'd die right here, right next to you."

"He could give you mouth to mouth-" Mike punched Dustin hard in the shoulder. "Ow! Asshole!"
"The more you talk shit, the more he's gonna hit you, asshat." Lucas said, kicking at his friend. Dustin kicked back and lost all interest in teasing Mike.

"Are they always like this?" El asked. Mike let out a sigh and nodded.

They continued on the hayride, a few more stops and pretty much the same thing as the first, fog, lights, creepy loud music, chainsaws… Mike loved it. The creepier it got, however, the more creeped out El was, and she scooted as close as possible to Mike, not caring that they'd just met. His cheeks were burning red the entire time, though he didn't mind.

It wasn't long after Steve's *escape* that they saw him again, but he was too busy climbing the side of a building to bother them. Seeing the building meant they were close to the prison, and it seemed the closer they got, the more Mike saw stuff in the woods.

"Are people supposed to be out in the woods?" Mike asked. Chief looked at him- Mike still couldn't see his face.

"No one is supposed to be out there, at least not without flashlights."

"You're probably just imagining things, Mike." Lucas said. "When you think you're gonna see something, you will. It's as simple as that."

"It's not that I *think* I see something, Lucas. I know I do." He eyed the

woods again and looked towards the end of the trailer, a few other people were looking behind them at the trees.

"Even if there are people out there, I'm sure it's just actors that didn't get the memo. It's not exactly the safest out there." Chief said.

"I've seen a few shadows back there." El said quietly, pointing at the woods behind Mike. "Just every once in awhile though, it's not consistent."

"You kids haven't seen anything either?" Chief asked. The three shook their heads. "Can I have your attention please!" He called, and the rest of the group looked at him. "Have any of you seen people in the woods?" Majority shook their heads, but two or three nodded. "I'd like to speak with you once before you head inside." He said. Only a few minutes later, the tractor stopped and someone in a costume opened the end of the trailer, and everyone got off.

After they talked to Chief for a few minutes, he promised that he'd have some people go search the woods. Afterwards, they lined up at the first building, which was just a wooden shack that had blackout on it.

"That was shorter than I expected." El said, scratching at her knee. Mike nodded in agreement.

"It was pretty cool though!" he said cheerily. She chuckled.

"You like haunted houses and stuff, but don't like clowns?"

"I like making fun of injuries that don't look even close to being correct." he shrugged. "But I enjoy the thrill of being scared, you know?" she nodded.

"I like it too. Not my favorite, and the *only* reason I do it is because of Max- she loves anything horror- and my dad, who's actually one of the actors later on."

"Hello! Only five at a time since this place is so small." A woman interrupted cheerily. "As you can see, it says blackout, which means you have to find your way through a maze that has the smallest amount of light inside. There are many holes in the roof, and only the

moonlight to guide you. First five, you boys better protect this young lady! You never know what could be at the end." She grinned and opened the door, which was a *fucking refrigerator* with the back torn off.

"What the fuck." Mike muttered as he had to nearly bend in half to get through.

"Ha, I barely had to crouch any." El said, giving him a grin. He snorted.

"You're like a foot and a half shorter than me, I hit my head on everything."

"This is gonna suck for you," she said. "Because I'm pretty sure you'll have to crouch for the entire thing."

"Dammit." he groaned. She chuckled.

"Guys, can we like… hold hands?" Will asked. "You know, so we don't get split up." Dustin snickered but Mike flung a hand back and smacked Dustin.

"I have a feeling we'll be holding hands all night." Mike muttered and El laughed loudly, holding a hand out to him. He hesitated for a second but took it and let out a breath. He felt a tiny shock, like touching a car door, when her fingers locked with him.

He took Lucas hand, as he wanted to be in the middle, then Will, and Dustin had moved to the back so that Mike wouldn't hit him any more.

"I'll let you know when to duck." El told him.

"Thanks." he gave her a smile when she looked back at him.

"Everyone ready?" she called. They agreed and she walked forward. Half way through the maze, El slipped and fell on something squishy.

"Oh shit, you okay?" Mike asked, reaching blindly for her.

"Ugh, yeah, I don't know what that is but it stinks." she said, grabbing

his hand and letting him pull her up. She let one hand go and rubbed her fingers together a little, looking down at it. Her hands were wet. "Ew." she made a face, though he couldn't see her.

"Let's get a move on, huh? It smells like hell!" Dustin called. Mike rolled his eyes. El chuckled and wiped her hand on her pants and continued moving.

"I hate this, I hate this, I hate this." Mike whispered to himself as they turned every which way, back and forth, trying to find a way out.

"We're almost out." El told him.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"I've been through this maze like, twice. I remember it." she replied. "I'd be able to get out quicker if it wasn't dark."

"That's how eyes work, El!" Dustin yelled.

"Shut up, Dustin." Lucas grumbled.

A long, long ten minutes later, they finally made it out. There was a man wearing a skeleton mask leaning against the wall.

"Keep heading down that there path." he said, after a few seconds of them staring at him.

"Okay." Mike made a face and turned to look at El. He gasped quietly. The others were already looking at her- there was blood all over her clothes.

"Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself when you fell?" he asked, eyes looking for any sign of injury.

"No, I uh, it's fake blood." she said, looking down at her hands- that were stained red. "That must be a new thing this year, try and make people fall into something with blood all over it."

"That's a little messed up if you think about it." Will said. "Fake blood is kind of impossible to get out of your clothes, right?" she shrugged and looked at Mike, who was just staring at her.

"You okay?" she asked, furrowing her brows.

"Yeah." he nodded. "Let's continue."

"Slow down, Wheeler! Our legs aren't a mile long like yours!" Dustin yelled. Mike stopped and glanced behind him, realizing they were a good couple yards away from him.

"Sorry!" he called. They reached him and he walked slower, until the path led them to a giant building- AKA the prison. He shook himself out a bit and rubbed his hands on his thighs, taking a deep breath.

"Are you okay?" El asked him as the rest of the group walked a few steps ahead.

"Ah, yeah, sorry. I just… I'm an intern at a hospital and… that blood looks pretty real if you ask me." he said, cringing a bit when he looked down at her body.

"It is fake blood, though, Mike." she assured him. "It's all sticky and gross. I used to do makeup at some other haunted houses and here sometimes, and got it all over me."

"If you're sure. That doesn't explain the smell, though." he said.

"There's probably a dead rat or ten in there somewhere. It is dark in there after all." Mike snorted at that.

"Alright then. Let's catch up with these idiots." she giggled and nodded in agreement and they walked a little faster.

"You guys quit making out back there and come on!" Dustin called.

"We weren't-" Mike started but El ran up behind Dustin quietly and screamed,

"BOO!" Dustin screamed at the top of his lungs and fell, tripping both Lucas and El. El started cackling and Lucas was swearing, pushing Dustin off him and standing up. Mike rushed over to them, laughing himself, and crouched in front of them.

"Dr. Mike, I think I just had a heart attack." Dustin cried.

"You're fine, Dustin." Mike rolled his eyes. "Are you okay?" he asked El, who nodded, still giggling.

"Ah shit, it's hot." she said, sitting up. "Uh, this might be a weird question, but will someone like… pull my hair into a ponytail for me? I have a hair tie on my wrist." she held her arm up. "I don't exactly want fake blood all in my hair you know?"

"Mike can do it." Dustin said immediately.

"What, you scared to touch her hair?" Lucas asked, shoving him.

"No, Mike is the only one of us with sisters."

"I have a sister, fuck nut."

"His sisters *trust* him with their hair, *fuck nut*." Dustin mocked, following Lucas towards the building. Will followed to make sure they didn't kill each other.

"Christ." Mike muttered. "But, uh, yeah, I'll do it for you. I have an older and younger sister, so, being the only boy… I was forced to dress up and do hair." he chuckled nervously and El smiled at him.

"I think it's sweet that you can do their hair for them." she said. He just smiled back at her and helped her up, grabbing the bottom of her arms rather than her hands to keep from getting blood on his hands. He carefully took the hair tie off and put it around his own wrist before standing behind her.

"High ponytail?" he asked.

"Yeah, and in like a half bun if you know how to do that?"

"Don't pull it all the way through on the last twist." he replied.

"Yep!" she grinned back at him before turning around. He carefully ran his fingers through her hair and into his other, gathering it in one hand and smoothing it in the other. It wasn't perfect, but it was better than what one of the other guys would do. "Thank you."

"Uh, no problem."

"COME ON, LOVE BIRDS!" Dustin yelled at them.

"OH SHUT UP!" Mike yelled back, grumbling as he and El made their way to the rest of the group.

3. Three

The first floor of the prison was… interesting. There were cells on either side of them as they walked through, some with only wired fences rather than rails. There was something in each one- Werewolves, Vampires eating on their prey, Zombies grunting and growling and banging on the fences, bloody and sick looking prisoners shaking the rails, screaming, begging to be let out and reaching their hands out and trying to grab at them.

There was one that stuck with Mike, the last cell on the left. A prisoner was lying on a cot in the middle of the cell, pool of blood under him, what looked like stab wounds all in his chest and stomach, a knife stuck right in the middle of it all. He knew it was all for show, but he'd honestly never seen anything as gory as that at a Haunted House.

"Guess the owner decided to spice things up for Friday the thirteenth." El said, shivering slightly as they made their way up a flight of stairs onto the next floor.

There were bloody footprints on the stairs and streaks on the walls, even a realistic looking severed hand at the top, ring and index finger tied together to a rope hanging from the railing.

"The fingers make it creepier somehow." Will said, shaking his head. Mike shrugged and continued following El.

The next part was similar to downstairs, but it was monsters from horror movies, like Creeper, Freddy Kruger, Jason, Michael Myers, Pennywise… among others.

"I am going to die." Mike said, matter of factly, the second he heard the laugh.

"Uh oh." Dustin wiggled his eyebrows at Mike and Mike punched Dustin's arm. "Stop hitting me!"

"Stop being an asshole then!" Mike replied.

"Jesus, you guys are children." El rolled her eyes. "C'mon." she grabbed Mike's hand and stood on the side that Pennywise was on so he wasn't. There was debris all over the floor, desks, chairs, beds that they had to maneuver around, like a maze. "Hi Max!" El waved at her friend, in the cell next to Freddy.

"How's you know it was me?" she yelled back, waving.

"I saw your hair." El replied, stopping in front of her cell.

"Oh Goddammit. Wait for me by Penny, I'm gonna join you guys." she said, taking off her mask and stuffing it into her jumpsuit.

"Dear God." Mike muttered as they made their way towards the end, where of course, Pennywise was located. He was jumping around, smacking red balloons and squirting water out of his cell with a water gun, baring his fake, but still terrifying, teeth.

The second they reached the end, Mike went through the door, stopping right outside of it, he and El still holding hands, but in separate rooms. He grimaced, brows pinched together at the honking and sounds of balloons popping on the other side of the wall. He let go of El's hand, and a minute or so later she noticed, poking her head around the side, only to find him gone.

"Mike?" she called, furrowing her brows. Nothing. She turned to the rest of the group. "Guys, Mike's gone."

"What do you mean gone?" Dustin asked.

"Gone as in not where he was just two minutes ago." she replied.

"He probably just went to the next room." Lucas reasoned.

"The next room has two doors you choose from. One is an entire clown room, and the other is foggy and you can see shit." El said. "I don't think either alone would be a good idea considering I'm pretty sure he was just on the verge of a panic attack."

"Good point." Lucas replied. "I'll stay here with you to wait on your friend and you two can see if you can find Mike." he told Dustin and Will, the former saluting him and dragging Will behind him.

"I have a weird feeling about this. And it's not just 'cause clowns are weird." El said, leaning against the door frame. Lucas shrugged.

"Mike can take care of himself, clown or fog room, he'll be okay."

One hour and a half later

Mike was not, in fact, okay. Almost immediately after he let El's hand go, someone whacked him in the head and knocked him out, and now, he had no idea where he was.

Well, he had some idea. He was in one of the cells in a cell block that wasn't being used this year. He was handcuffed to the bed with one hand. It was tight, the metal digging into his wrist.

The two main things he noticed, was that it was pitch black, and that it reeked of blood. He knew it was blood, *real* blood because of his time spent helping with emergency patients, who, for some reason, was just about squirting blood like a water hose in random places. That was not a good sign.

The next thing he noticed, was something warm slowly sliding down the side of his face. More blood. He reached up and felt at his head, letting out a hiss when he touched the wound up around his hairline. His head throbbed now. By feeling the rest of the area, he could tell it had either bled a *lot* or had been bleeding for a while.

"What the fuck." he muttered to himself.

"Yeah, seriously." a voice replied. Mike jumped and let out a curse as he moved the wrist in the hand cuff. "Calm down, Cowboy, I'm Max, the girl that was supposed to meet up with El and your group."

Although he'd only heard her speak a few words before, he could tell she was in pain now.

"Oh." he let out a breath. "Where are you hurt?" he asked.

"How do you know I am?"

"Because I can hear the strain in your voice." he replied.

"Oh. Um, same with the head, he whacked me from behind."

"Are you bleeding?" he asked.

"I don't know. Both my hands are cuffed." she said. "I think so, it feels warm and sticky back there."

"It probably is." he said. "Anywhere else?" he asked.

"Um, yeah." she muttered. "He kind of… tried to sew my lips together."

"What the *fuck*?"

"I know."

"How are you talking then?"

"He didn't do... a good job."

"Mother fucker."

"Do you know how to... pick a lock with a... bobby pin?" she asked.

"Kinda, yeah."

"Great, I have like a million... on my head. Reach your hand out." he made a face but did as he was told. He reached as far as he could until he felt hair.

"Please tell me that's your hair."

"Yeah. Move your hand… up a little and you'll feel one." he did, and she was right. As gently as possible, he pulled it out and fumbled with it a bit, before reaching up and feeling around for the keyhole in the cuff. He found it fairly quickly, and after multiple attempts, managed to unlock it. He hissed as he rubbed at his wrist and flinched when the metal clattered against metal. "Good. I have a little… flashlight in my right pocket… of the jumpsuit." she told him. He got on his hands and knees and felt around until he felt her legs sticking out. He crawled around to the right and carefully felt around until he reached the pocket and pulled the light out.

"Sorry for pretty much feeling you up." he muttered as he clicked on the light. It brightened the room almost immediately, and he discovered that there was a black curtain in front of the actual cell, which worked in their favor, it seemed. He turned to Max and swore. "This *mother fucker.*" she was pale, her already red hair darkened and matted at the back of her head, small beads of blood dripping from her lips where the needle and thread entered, the thread going through her lips a dark red, making him believe it was once white or a light color. Her arms were cuffed above her head.

"Yeah, let's hurry this up please." she said.

"Sorry." he scrambled closer and reached up, unlocking these easier now that he was able to use his dominant hand. "Why did he do that to you and not me?" he asked as she rubbed at her wrist.

"I wasn't out for long, and when I woke up I started fighting against him and yelling and screaming. He got you first, you were already here when he brought me."

"How long have we been here?"

"I'd say an hour, hour and a half. You have a watch, don't you?"

"Oh, yeah." he looked down at it. "It's nine thirty." he said. The whole thing began a few minutes after seven, and everything else about an hour. So an hour and a half at the most.

"Christ." she shook her head.

"What does the guy look like?"

"He had on a mask. Wearing all black."

"I saw people walking in the woods earlier. On the hayride."

"I haven't seen or heard anyone else." she said, shrugging.

"Do you mind if I take a look at your head?" he asked. She shrugged again and sat up. He knelt behind her and with gentle fingers, moved her hair around until he could see the damage. The gash was only two or three centimeters long, would definitely need a staple or two.

"You need medical attention, like, an hour ago." he told her. He moved around and grabbed the flashlight, shining it in her eyes. "You're gonna need a staple or two in your head, and you have a concussion."

"If I have one, you have one." she replied. "You're not looking too hot either."

"Yeah, well, I'm not the most important one here. Now…" he stood and walked to the cell door, and gave it a quick pull. It opened. "I know the fuck…" he looked back at her and she gave the door a deadpan look.

"Must've really thought these cuffs would hold us." she snorted. He shrugged and held out his hands, helping her up. He poked his head out and immediately regretted it, sucking in a harsh breath.

"Max." he said, not looking back at her. "I want you to keep your eyes shut when we leave this cell." he said.

"Why?"

"Just keep them closed, Max, please. It's for your own good."

"Are there dead bodies out there or something?"

She let out a choked noise when he didn't answer.

One hour and fifteen minutes before

El grew increasingly worried when Max never showed, though Lucas assured her it was probably to scare her later on in the building, or at another building outside. He had a point, but she still had a bad feeling. After waiting for a good ten minutes, a few other groups passing them, the two held hands and went through the rest of the prison as quickly as possible, figuring Dustin and Will did the same.

Max never popped up in any part, and when the two made it outside, Dustin and Will were waiting outside with the Chief and a big burly man, dressed as a farmer. Hay covered pitch fork and all.

"It's about time my favorite group got back!" Chief said with a wink. El smiled weakly.

"Hi dad." El said to the farmer, letting go of Lucas and damn near burrowing herself into her father. He hugged her back and raised his eyebrows at the boys.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I'm worried."

"Yeah, Chief, have you seen the tall white guy with hair literally all over the place recently?" Lucas asked.

"I haven't, no." Chief said.

"What happened?" The farmer asked.

"Uh, well, farmer sir-"

"Call me Hopper." Hopper rolled his eyes.

"Hopper, sir," Dustin continued, "Our friend Mike is deathly afraid of clowns, and we're afraid he may have passed out in the fog or clown room- not entirely sure."

"Jesus Christ. Alright, well, we'll go inside and have the actors take a break, and then we'll go look for him while the other guests go to the rest of the buildings." he said.

"You have a nice authority voice." Dustin said.

"He is Chief of Police." El said.

"Then why are you a *farmer*."

"Because my daughter is a troll." Hopper said, before he and the fake Chief made their way into the prison.

Ten minutes later, they came out of the building, followed by all of the actors, who made their way down a trail to an actual house.

"All the lights and foggers and shit like that have been cut off, so

when we go in the foggy rooms, we'll be able to see.

"Did you find Max anywhere in there?" El asked. Hopper shook his head and he sighed.

"Alright, here's the game plan. El, the kid who was holding hands with her, you two are coming with me. We'll be on the second floor, and Benny- uh, *Chief*, and you two will be together on the first floor in case he backtracked at any point."

"He probably went into one of the bathrooms the actors use and just stayed there, so we should look in those too." Chief- *Benny* said.

They agreed and made their way into the prison, one hundred percent, unprepared for what lurked in the dark, now brought to light.